

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

92

I get around

WITHIN twenty-four hours of his protege, Straight Deal, winning the Derby, trainer Walter Nightingall entered another, and less friendly, combat.

"The Surrey War Agricultural Committee plans to plough up the two training grounds at Epsom," he told me.

Nightingall is not the only trainer up in arms; practically every racing man in Epsom will, I understand, sign the petition to the King for the Six-Mile Gallop and Middle Hill to be left alone.

"It is not that we are unpatriotic," a famous jockey remarked. "We feel that the committee, which has done a lot of good work, is in this instance being very stubborn. We have offered a larger alternative plot of land, but they won't accept it."

The most likely line the racing folk will take, I think, is that if the racing industry is

By RONALD RICHARDS

she told me, searching for special kinds of cigarettes to send to her brother, a gunner in the Eighth Army.

"The reason," she says, "is that the only thing the Arabs will take in exchange for eggs are these special cigarettes. So I go looking for them because brother Dick loves eggs!"

Another pastime is soft

toy-making for local children. She makes fluffy little dolls and dogs and gollywogs and gives them to kiddies in the streets.

You may remember Evelyn Steel when, before her marriage, she made her film debut in "Painted Pictures." At one period she was the most photographed model in the capital.

"NOT that I could ever forget where any of them were, of course, but just to have that constant reminder in front of me I keep a map of the world in the sitting-room, and I stick in a pin to show where my family are serving at the time."

I overheard that conversation in a bus at Goodmayes, in Essex.

I spoke to the lady, and she took me home to see her map. It was Mrs. Nyland, and there were seven flags in all. Two for sons in the Merchant Navy were in mid-Atlantic, another for her daughter, who is in the A.T.S., was somewhere in England, three more, for sons in the Eighth Army, were, naturally, in Tunis; and the other for the sailor member was in America.

"I should have one for my husband, I suppose," she joked, "but I never know where he is."

Her husband is in the Home Guard, the Civil Defence, and a war factory.

If you go to the Clipper Club in London, don't be surprised if you hear a very beautiful brunette make such passing remarks as,

"When I was in Berlin in 1942," or, "Paris wasn't very gay when I left it six months ago," because it will probably be showgirl Mrs. Sally Robertson, who with her girl-friend has been roaming round Europe without a passport since early in the war.

They arrived back in London a couple of months ago with hair-raising stories of Gestapododging and mass murder.

When I can get around to it, I am going to accept their invitation of assistance in Penguinising their experiences.

THE greatest highway in the world, linking Alaska with the Panama Canal, is nearing completion.

Some day you'll be able to spend your vacation driving comfortably over its paved surface — through Mexico, Honduras, Costa Rica, and on to the "big ditch."

But that's some day.

Right now this very vital route is being rushed to completion solely for military reasons. Corps of army and civilian engineers are waging a day-and-night blitz-krieg against Nature to get it finished quickly. To do this they must work in all weather — edging their way around breath-taking slopes, pushing through shoulder-high jungle growth, fighting muck and mire and shifting sand.



WALTER NIGHTINGALL

ruined at Epsom, thousands of Servicemen on leave will be robbed of enjoyment and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, likewise, will miss thousands of pounds in entertainment tax.

The reply, possibly, will be that both the alternative plot, the training plots, and any other spare inch in Surrey will be requisitioned if it be found necessary.

However, we shall see. Meantime, a book has been opened by a local business man.

I back the growers.

AMBULANCE driver daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Mrs. Evelyn Steel, has an odd off-duty task. She spends a lot of her time,



Mrs. Evelyn Steel

she told me, searching for special kinds of cigarettes to send to her brother, a gunner in the Eighth Army.

"The reason," she says, "is that the only thing the Arabs will take in exchange for eggs are these special cigarettes. So I go looking for them because brother Dick loves eggs!"

Another pastime is soft toy-making for local children. She makes fluffy little dolls and dogs and gollywogs and gives them to kiddies in the streets.

You may remember Evelyn Steel when, before her marriage, she made her film debut in "Painted Pictures." At one period she was the most photographed model in the capital.

"I should have one for my husband, I suppose," she joked, "but I never know where he is."

Her husband is in the Home Guard, the Civil Defence, and a war factory.

If you go to the Clipper Club in London, don't be surprised if you hear a very beautiful brunette make such passing remarks as,

"When I was in Berlin in 1942," or, "Paris wasn't very gay when I left it six months ago," because it will probably be showgirl Mrs. Sally Robertson, who with her girl-friend has been roaming round Europe without a passport since early in the war.

They arrived back in London a couple of months ago with hair-raising stories of Gestapododging and mass murder.

When I can get around to it, I am going to accept their invitation of assistance in Penguinising their experiences.

THE greatest highway in the world, linking Alaska with the Panama Canal, is nearing completion.

Some day you'll be able to spend your vacation driving comfortably over its paved surface — through Mexico, Honduras, Costa Rica, and on to the "big ditch."

But that's some day.

Right now this very vital route is being rushed to completion solely for military reasons. Corps of army and civilian engineers are waging a day-and-night blitz-krieg against Nature to get it finished quickly. To do this they must work in all weather — edging their way around breath-taking slopes, pushing through shoulder-high jungle growth, fighting muck and mire and shifting sand.



She's on the Job—smiling

HERE'S a picture of Mrs. Ethel Waite, the 25-year-old wife of Able Seaman Ernest P. Waite, of Coach Road, Brothton, Yorkshire, and she's following in his footsteps in more ways than one.

He is better known as "Smiler" in Stockton-on-Tees, where he was an insurance agent before joining the Submarine Service, because he always had a cheery word for his acquaintances.

Now Mrs. Waite is doing his job and going his rounds, still with a smile for the people she meets.

At night she does her duty in the Street Fire Party, wearing the steel helmet which has been so much discussed in their letters.

It is over sixteen months since he was on leave at home, and in their three years of married life not more than three months have been spent together.

Still, as "Smiler" would say, "Keep smiling." . . . And, well . . . we leave you to judge for yourselves. When the "Good Morning" photographer called she was hard at work, simply hurrying to get finished and catch the bus to Brothton for some well-earned rest.

But before she finished she found time to have that pic-

ture taken in the steel helmet which you wanted, "Smiler." She said you would smile even more now! . . .



On the job—and smiling still.

They Say—What do you Say?

PROPHETS.

ALL prophets are misfits. . . .

But the very fact of their being misfits means that they see more vividly certain shortcomings and defects in society and people around them. It also means that they often miss the unobtrusive good which is being done quietly by ordinary folk to whom they give no credit. . . . Judgment is precisely what they have not got.

Dr. A. L. Rowse.

DRUDGERY.

THE problem of the supply of domestic help has to be taken into account in the house of the future. No woman should be expected to become a drudge in the home; and this demands that all future planning and design of equipment should be with the object of saving labour, plus efficiency. Labour saving, when applied to equipment, is largely a matter of simplicity in design.

R. A. H. Livett
(Housing Director, Leeds).

COURAGE.

A MAN of character in peace is a man of courage in war. . . . In war-time everybody assumes that courage is common. I have come to the conclusion that courage is not common at all. The fine things in war, as in peace, are the work of the few. Honour of race is in the keeping of only a fraction of the people.

Lord Moran
(Pres., Royal College of Physicians).

PLANNING—WHY?

THOSE who wish to live in Central London must live in flats, and those who wish to live in houses must be prepared to live farther out. When the time comes for rearranging the population they will sort themselves out with little trouble, and be happier in doing it for themselves rather than being directed by the Government.

Margaret le Guys
(London, N.7).

At the sign of "WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT"

"WELL, who'd have thought it!" they said—and that's how the inn got its name.

Plymouth men know the "Who'd Have Thought It" Inn at Milton Coombe, near Yelverton, and the Brookside Stores on the other side of the little stream that goes murmuring through the village.

It's a great attraction for cyclists, motorists and hikers in peacetime. I wonder how many of them know the story of it?

It is said that the 16th Century inn, with its long white front and stone chimneys, was a meeting place for smugglers and a hiding place for their booty in the old days.

It had so bad a reputation with the Preventive men that they managed to get it closed. And shut up it was, for many, many years.

Time and time again the villagers petitioned the authorities to give them back their pub, but with no result, and it became a private house.

After a long time they thought they'd have another try, and the owner was persuaded to apply for a licence.

"It's no use," he said, "but I'll do it."

At the next licensing sessions he put in his application. To everyone's surprise the license was granted.

"Well! Who'd have thought it!" they all said.

"Damme, that shall be the name of the house!" ejaculated the owner.

And so it is. You go down the steep hill, from which you can look over the village chimney tops, to the little inn, and look up to the village cottages, with their hilly gardens.

It is a quiet corner, these days, with hardly a thing moving in the village street—perhaps a chicken or two, or a labourer coming home.

In a cottage opposite the inn lives John Stansbury, the oldest inhabitant, who had served his term in the Navy 46 years ago.

When I met him coming from his cottage, moving slowly on his stick, he was looking forward to his 86th birthday on the morrow.

"Ah, I was born here, and bar my time in the Navy, have lived here all my life," he said. "We hadn't any submarines in those days, but destroyers had come in before I left."

"I don't know much" about those chaps who go under the water. They are doing fine work, I hear. And if they would like a greeting from an old Navy man, wish them 'Good Luck' for me, and may they come safe to port. I'll drink their health to-morrow in a pot of beer."

Some of you Plymouth men will wish you could be there, drinking John Stansbury's health. It can wait. The "Who'd Have Thought It" will be there when you get back, and the old man, too.

The lovely little village is one of the thousands of bits of beauty you are fighting for, and if you could have seen it as I did, in the full sunlight of a summer's day, you'd have thought the job worth while.

THE SOLITARY PILGRIM



The oldest inhabitant, aged Mr. Stansbury, naval pensioner, was the only figure to be seen in this quietest of quiet spots, as he hobbled past the Inn which bears the queer title, "Who'd Have Thought It."

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—54

- Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ENTIALN, and make a word.
- Mix the letters of MOSS and TREE to make an English county.
- Change BEEF into PORK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: RAIN into SNOW, DARN into SOCK, GONE into WIND.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make out of WHEREABOUTS?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 53

- LENDABLE.
- MANCHESTER.
- EAST, CAST, CASE, CARE, WARE, WARD, WAND, WIND.
- MOTH, MOTE, DOTE, DOSE, DOST, DUST, RUST, FIRE, FIRS, FURS, FURY, JUNE, JANE, PANE, PALE, DALE, DOLE, DOLL, DULL, DULY, JULY.
- Dine, Dane, Need, Trip, Rest, Rite, Tire, Tare, Tear, Rate, Pert, Dean, Dent, Tail, Late, Pent, Taps, etc.
- Pride, Prate, Taper, Trial, Trail, Tense, Plaid, Trade, Deter, Rated, Plait, Pards, Spare, Pares, Dials, Slide, Stand, Rides, Tides, Resin, etc.

Send your— Stories, Jokes and ideas to the Editor

ODD CORNER

THOUGH swallows eat flying insects, they never eat a working bee. They will carry off the drones, however, but nobody knows how they distinguish between the useful and useless members of the hive.

Starlings sometimes bathe themselves in ant-hills, and have been seen hiding ants under their wings. Jays and crows also hide insects under their wings, sometimes crushing them first. Nobody knows why, but two reasons have been suggested. In the case of the swallows it may be a way of taking food with them on their migrations. Or, since ants squirt formic acid when angered, the birds may use them as little disinfectant sprays, to kill their feather-mites and other parasites.

An old bird problem was settled by the British Trust for Ornithology in 1937. Hundreds of special observers were set to watch that extremely shy bird, the woodcock, to find out if there were any truth in the old story that they fly with their young on their backs, tucked in the feathers between their wings. A hundred and four bird-watchers actually saw woodcocks in flight with their young on their backs, and eighteen of them saw the adult bird return to the nest to carry off a second chick.

Other bird questions settled in recent years include the fact that birds do eat butterflies, in spite of the ancient belief to the contrary, and the discovery that birds immigrating from abroad often carry live snails under their wings—presumably for food on the journey.

THERE were many in the Ti for whom the tobacco did not furnish a sufficient stimulus, and who accordingly had recourse to "arva," as a more powerful agent in producing the desired effect.

"Arva" is a root very generally dispersed over the South Seas, and from it is extracted a juice, the effects of which upon the system are at first stimulating in a moderate degree; but it soon relaxes the muscles, and, exerting a narcotic influence, produces a luxurious sleep.

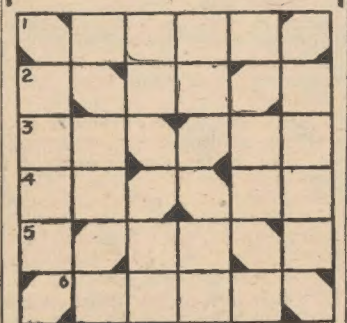
Mehevi, who was greatly delighted with the change in my costume, gave me a cordial welcome. He had reserved for me a most delectable mess of "cockoo," well knowing my partiality for that dish; and had likewise selected three or four young cocoa-nuts, several roasted bread-fruit, and a magnificent bunch of bananas, for my especial comfort and gratification.

These various matters were at once placed before me; but Kory-Kory deemed the banquet entirely insufficient for my wants until he had supplied me with one of the leafy packages of pork, which, notwithstanding the somewhat hasty manner in which it had been prepared, possessed a most excellent flavour, and was surprisingly sweet and tender.

Pork is not a staple article of food among the people of the Marquesas, consequently they pay little attention to the breeding of the swine. The hogs are permitted to roam at large in the groves, where they obtain no small portion of their nourishment from the cocoa-nuts which continually fall from the trees.

The second day of the Feast of Calabashes was ushered in by still more uproarious noises than

FILM STARS



Fill in the words according to the clues, and the two diagonals reading from top to bottom will give you two of America's leading film personalities.

Clues:—

- Leap.
- A seat in the shade.
- Weather.
- Many people have had them out.
- Undress.
- Actually.

(Solution in No. 93)

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first's in PEA-SOUPER, but not in MIST.
My second's in RECORD, but not in LIST.
My third is in TRAINING as well as DRILL.
My fourth is in EXPERT, though not in SKILL.
My fifth is in FIELD-PIECE, but not in CANNON.
My sixth is in IRELAND and in SHANNON.
My seventh's in SIGNAL, yet not in ROCKET.
My last is in QUID NOTES... but not in POCKET!

(Answer on Page 3)

By HERMAN
MELVILLE

the first. The skins of innumerable sheep seemed to be resounding to the blows of an army of drummers. Startled from my slumbers by the din, I leaped up, and found the whole household engaged in making preparations

the rock, to which I have before alluded as forming the ascent to the place, was, with the building itself, now altogether deserted by the men; the whole distance being filled by bands of females, shouting and dancing under the influence of some strange excitement.

I was amused at the appearance of four or five old women, who in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



THE SHEPHERD TENDS HIS FLOCKS.

And the shepherd is doing it to-day in the Holy Land in the same way as King David of the Bible tended HIS flocks—the same even to the garments and the staff. Why the heavy cloak in a warm land? Because the winds are piercing and the nights are cold, and the shepherds find clothing keeps the heat OUT, as well as the sand raised by the wind. The staff has been in use for thousands of years to ward off birds and animals that might attack the sheep. And occasionally the shepherds take a flute from inside their cloaks and play a tune—to ease their loneliness, just as David did, too.

for immediate departure. Curious to discover of what strange events these novel sounds might be the precursors, and not a little desirous to catch a sight of the instruments which produced the terrific noise, I accompanied the natives as soon as they were in readiness to depart for the Taboo Groves.

The comparatively open space that extended from the Ti toward

sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the surface, after being pressed perpendicularly into the water.

They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. They did not appear to attract the observation of the crowd around them.

Desirous of being enlightened

JANE



This Scotland and These Scots

A FEW industrious Scots who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. . . . There are no greater friends to Englishmen and England when they are out on't, in the world, than they are. And, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there (Virginia), for we are all one countrymen now.

—George Chapman (1557-1634).

in regard to the meaning of this peculiar diversion, I turned inquiringly to Kory-Kory: that learned Typee immediately proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly. But all that I could comprehend from what he said was, that the leaping figures before me were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously; and who, at every festival, gave public evidence in this manner of their calamities.

Leaving these afflicted females, we passed on to the Hoolah Hoolah ground. Within the spacious quadrangle, the whole population of the valley seemed to be assembled, and the sight presented was truly remarkable. Beneath the sheds of bamboo which opened towards the interior of the square, reclined the principal chiefs and warriors, while a miscellaneous throng lay at their ease under the enormous trees, which spread a majestic canopy overhead.

Upon the terraces of the gigantic altars, at either end, were deposited green bread-fruit in baskets of cocoa-nut leaves, large rolls of tappa, bunches of white bananas, clusters of mannee-apples, the golden-hued fruit of the artu-tree, and baked hogs, laid out in large wooden trenchers, fancifully decorated with freshly-plucked leaves, whilst a variety of rude implements of war were piled in confused heaps before the ranks of hideous idols.

Fruits of various kinds were likewise suspended in leafen baskets, from the tops of poles planted uprightly, and at regular intervals, along the lower terraces of both altars.

At their base were arranged two parallel rows of cumbersome drums, standing at least fifteen feet in height, and formed from the hollow trunks of large trees. Their heads were covered with shark skins, and their barrels were elaborately

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

He was a widower, and by profession a metal worker; a very strong man, with black hair that needed cutting. His face was weather-beaten, and he perspired freely. At least once a week he attended the village church, where his daughter delighted him by the way she sang the hymns. He always made a point of paying his bills as soon as they were due. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

- What is a gillaroo?
- Who wrote (a) "Castle Dangerous," (b) "Castle Rackrent," (c) "The Castle of Indolence"?
- Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Irving, Kean, Bernhardt, Sialvin, Laughton, Ainley, Henson?
- Who was Heavy-weight Boxing Champion in 1934-35?
- What is the biggest park in the world?
- When and by whom was margarine invented?
- What is meant by tauro-machy?
- What is the inscription on the Victoria Cross?
- Who was Phineas Fogg?
- How long is an Italian mile?
- When did America make her Declaration of Independence?
- Who was Bildad.

Answers to Quiz in No. 91

- A kind of grouse, nearly as big as a turkey.
- (a) Sir Thomas More, (b) Gilbert and Sullivan.
- Rugby is a public school; the others are universities.
- The Aga Khan, with Mahmoud.
- Cherrapunji, in Assam. Average rainfall 400 inches a year.
- Unleavened bread.
- Concise and short in speech.
- A plant of the clover family.
- Hero of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities."
- Rare beast of prey, also known as the wolverine.
- 1804.
- A sweet-smelling herb; also a roughly tanned sheep-skin.

MIXED DOUBLES

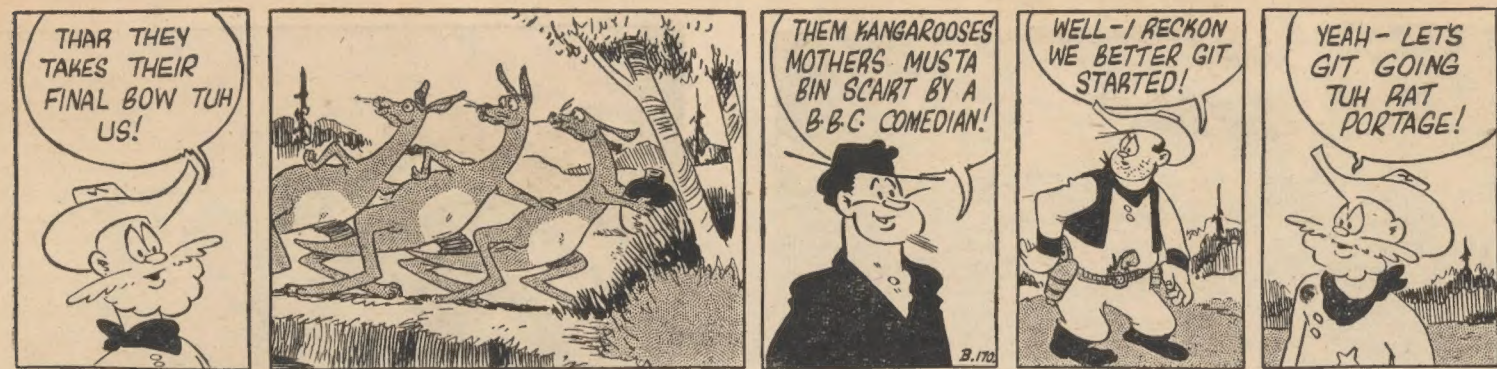
The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

- SCREEN WET ROVERS.
- REAL DECLINES.

(Answers on Page 3)



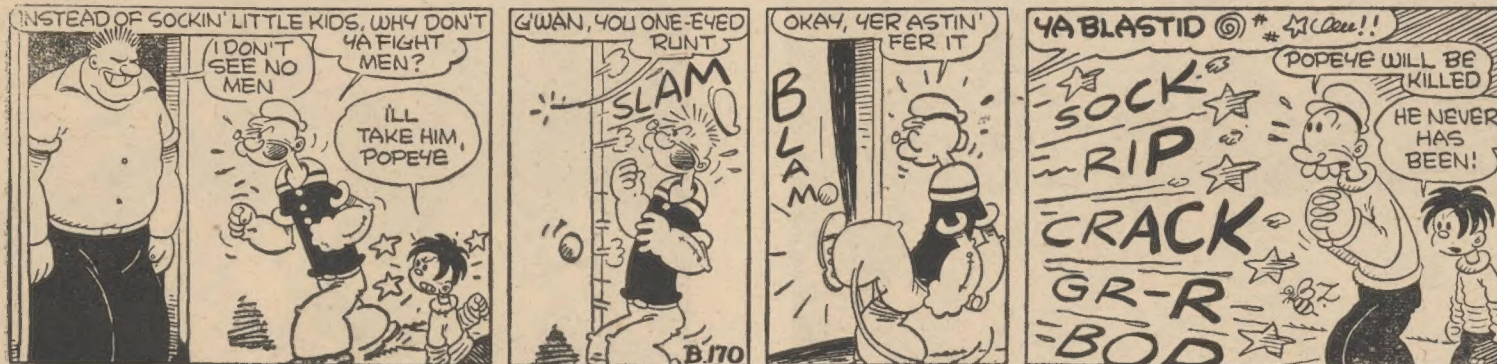
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

carved with various quaint figures and devices. At regular intervals, they were bound round by a species of sennet of various colours, and strips of native cloth flattened upon them here and there.

Behind these instruments were built slight platforms, upon which stood a number of young men, who, beating violently with the palms of their hands upon the drum-heads, produced those outrageous sounds which had awakened me in the morning.

Every few minutes these musical performers hopped down from their elevation into the crowd below, and their places were immediately supplied by fresh recruits. Thus an incessant din was kept up that might have startled Pandemonium.

Precisely in the middle of the quadrangle were placed perpendicularly in the ground a hundred or more slender, fresh-cut poles, stripped of their bark, and decorated at the end with a floating pennon of white tappa, the whole being fenced about with a little

picket of canes. For what purpose these singular ornaments were intended, I in vain endeavoured to discover.

Another most striking feature of the performance was exhibited by a score of old men, who sat cross-legged in the little pulpits, which encircled the trunks of the immense trees growing in the middle of the enclosure.

These venerable gentlemen, who I presume were the priests, kept up an uninterrupted monotonous chant, which was nearly drowned in the roar of drums. In the right hand they held a finely-woven grass fan, with a heavy black wooden handle, curiously chased: these fans they kept in continual motion.

But no attention whatever seemed to be paid to the drummers or to the old priests, the individuals who composed the vast crowd present being entirely taken up in chatting and laughing with one another, smoking, drinking arva, and eating. For all the observation it attracted, or the good it achieved, the whole savage orchestra might

with great advantage to its own members and the company in general, have ceased the prodigious uproar they were making.

All that day the drums resounded, the priests chanted, and the multitude feasted and roared till sunset, when the throng dispersed, and the Taboo Groves were again abandoned to quiet and repose. The next day the same scene was repeated until night, when this singular festival terminated.

Although I had been baffled in my attempts to learn the origin of the Feast of Calabashes, yet it seemed very plain to me that it was principally, if not wholly, of a religious character.

Those who pleased to do so were allowed to repose implicit faith in an ill-favoured god, with a large bottle-nose, and fat shapeless arms crossed upon his breast; whilst others worshipped an image which, having no likeness either in heaven or on earth, could hardly be called an idol. As the islanders always maintained a discreet reserve with regard to my own peculiar views on religion, I thought it would be excessively ill-bred in me to pry into theirs.

Although the religious theories of the islanders were a complete mystery to me, their practical every-day operation could not be concealed. I frequently passed the little temples reposing in the shadows of the Taboo Groves, and beheld the offerings—mouldy fruit spread out upon a rude altar, or hanging in half-decayed baskets around some uncouth, jolly-looking images.

(Continued to-morrow)



Solution to Matches Puzzle in No. 91.

Solution to Allied Ports. PORTLAND.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

(a) WORCESTER & SEVERN.

(b) CARLISLE & EDEN.

Answer to Who Is It?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

POWER POLITICS.

WE can never get rid of power politics, either internally or internationally, because life is power and requires organisation in power terms. What we can do is strive for a type of power politics in which government will act more and more as an impartial agent of justice in arbitrating competing claims and in composing incipient conflicts of interest.

Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr (New York).

MONDAY WASH.

WE are all living now in a huge Monday, with a giant wash in full swing. . . . What's going into this wash? For one thing, coloured shirts—black shirts, brown shirts. They are going into the wash and they won't be worn again until they are a sensible, civilised white or cream colour and look like anybody else's shirts. . . . Into the boiling copper are going organised plunder, torture and murder; secret police and concentration camps; all the swaggering glorification of force, brutality, deceit and robbery; all the industrial slavery; all the careful, unscrupulous exploitation of ordinary, decent people.

J. B. Priestley.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

THE needs of total war have committed us completely to another industrial revolution, nothing less, and how many of us have paused to consider what the consequences are likely to be? . . . One possible outcome of this pressing need for quantity production is already beginning to worry a great many skilled workers of the thoughtful kind. . . . But I cannot feel that craftsmanship in the man on the job can ever be supplanted by the most ingenious machines.

George Blake.

BOREDOM.

IN every part of the country there are numerous people, outwardly apathetic, who long for the chance to be heroes and heroines, and who, the moment a bomb falls, spring to life and reveal what is waiting within them to be released and expressed. It is time we grasped that people do not fear death anything like as much as they fear boredom. . . . One of the deepest needs of man is danger.

John Stewart Collis (Author).

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

THE right of every community to handle local affairs through its own directly elected council is a distinctive feature of the British conception of government. It is the basis on which our parliamentary system has been built. . . . The whole structure of local government urgently needs reshaping. Even the local authorities themselves have realised that some of the present areas are too small to suit modern administration.

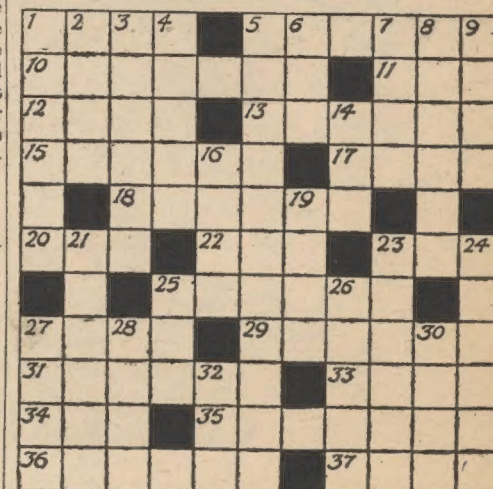
E. Dixon Grubb.

SMALLHOLDERS.

IT is good for us to be reminded that Britain, after all—though most urban critics seem to think otherwise—is a country of smallholders. It has been estimated that 150,000 of our 280,000 farmers are small farmers, mainly dependent on family labour.

Sir W. Beach Thomas.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Outer covering.
- Ruby-like gem.
- In slow time.
- Number.
- Hit with hand.
- Odjude.
- Office worker.
- Flake of soot.
- Those who endeavour.
- Printing measures.
- Ailment.
- Say further.
- Calms.
- Unaccompanied.
- More trim.
- Fruit.
- Heal.
- Poke.
- Abstinent one.
- Trials of metal.
- Surface depression

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SCREW BREVE
HOAX WAIVES
OLD WARDENS
PLIGHT D TA
SIC ETHER Y
ELSE ONUS
F ECLAT SET
AS R CENTRE
CITADEL LIE
ELOPES MEAN
DOYEN BADLY

CLUES DOWN.

- Chess piece.
- Merely.
- Suits.
- American mammal.
- Great dignity.
- Backed seat.
- Standard.
- Clothed.
- For fear that.
- Foolish person.
- Separate.
- Regular.
- Australasian natives.
- Shrewd.
- Control.
- Near relation.
- Flavoured.
- Common cleanser.
- Goes too slow.
- Ireland.
- Showy.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

WATCH YOUR STEP



A harvesting scene in the Gloucestershire Cotswold country. Yes, you're right, the famous village of Painswick nestles there in the background.



This outsize in horses, with its crazy chariot and harness falling down, is, of course a photographer's error, but the steed on the right has no such excuse for dropping its hindquarters in the middle of the "act."

Odd lines in Steeds



Steady, young lady. You're coming right into our arms. For pity's sake don't be too womanish, and change your mind at the last minute.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I take a stern view of this."

